A Shop Exists

in its own building
to repair things.
Flapping belts

and smell of oil
in half-darkness.

Wizened proprietor gives
you numbered stub circled

with the date promised.
All in order, and anytime
you’re there, the sights

and smells reassure. One
day the building missing!

Coils of weeds surround
imprint. Merchants near-

by change the subject.
A policeman merely
shrugs. I think of tossing

the broken item into a trash
barrel but he has seen it.